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## Poems I Found on My Way to Work: February 28--Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

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## February 16—Clear and Bright

The looping swoops of tar that patch the road  
I walk are a golden script with which the just-rising  
sun has scrawled a cheery note.

The blackbird tree performs its same old  
wheezy tune, like a circus calliope—  
but today in three four time.

A soft breeze walked in this morning,  
picked up an old *Des Moines Register* from a curbside  
recycling bin and scattered good news all along Second Ave.

And half a block away, a woodpecker stutters  
in Morse Code trying to send out a message.  
He bangs out an S-P-R but then, distracted

by diving finches scooping up the air,  
flits off to taste and see  
what it was he meant to say.

## February 28—Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

All night long three poems  
(e-mailed by students)  
have been curled up asleep on a microchip.  
So tiny, finer than snowflakes, smaller than embryos,  
they wait for me to deliver them,  
which with a push of a button,  
I do.  
They slide through  
the narrow network cable,  
and emerge kicking and screaming  
on the white page.

How I love their barbaric yawp!